

## AK HANDLES.

Under a gnarled, old apple tree,  
Back in the grass-grown orchard lot—  
(Plain as 'twere yesterday, to me,  
Thirty years since I saw the spot,  
Stood the old workbench, where Tom  
and I

With boyish toilers amused ourselves,  
Weaving from grandpa many a sigh,  
As he slowly polished the hickory  
belts.

Oh, many a wild, unmeaning tale  
Of grandpa's juvenile unbelief,  
Till the hair arose, and the cheek grew  
pale.

At the fluttering sound of the autumn  
leaf,

And our startled senses were wont to  
start.

The evening shadows as horrid elves,  
While grandpa, humming an old hymn,  
quaint,

Still piled the glass to the gleaming  
belts.

And when the thickening twilight shade  
Over the ancient orchard broke,  
With cornucopia pipes but rudely made,

We gathered the shavings for mimic  
smoke,

Till grandpa laughed with a boyish glee,  
(And we joined in the mirthful play,  
ourselves).

Yes, he laughed, and cried, as against  
the tree

He added one to his finished belts.

A mansion stands where the orchard lot  
Hallowed the play of my boyish will;  
Grandpa sleeps in a sacred spot,  
Close by the top of the meadow hill.

Poor Tom is gone, there are none but me  
Left 'till the ancient joys to deliver—  
But a sweeter memory cannot be.

Than grandpa scraping a hickory belt,  
—Cleveland Plaindealer.

WON BY WHISTLING.

Hartley, or rather, his wife, had been  
giving a musical "at home."

An hour or so later, the "crowd" having  
dispersed, Birdy Jackson, Hartley  
and I were idly discussing the events of  
the affair in the smoking-room. Jack-  
son and I were stopping over night  
with our host, being old chums of his,  
and living some distance out of town.

"No idea you could give such a rip-  
pling performance, Birdy," remarked  
Hartley "and when your wife joined in  
I was perfectly astonished."

Jackson laughed softly.

"No, she doesn't do it at all badly,"  
he admitted. "You know, Dick, there's  
a bit of romance attached to that whistle  
of hers; in fact, it was the means of  
bringing our matrimonial desires to  
an abrupt point at an extremely critical  
point in our courtship."

Hartley gave me a gentle kick.

"Then your union had a spice of ro-  
mance about it?" he said.

"Rather! Unique in the annals of  
love-making, I should say. But folks  
are so confounded incredulous now-  
days, I've never attempted to tell the  
yarn but once and then I swore I'd  
never do it again."

But he had to on this occasion, and  
soon began to interest us as follows:

"First of all, you must know, Mr.  
King—addressing me—"I'm called  
Birdy on account of having practiced  
from earliest infancy a cheap form of  
musical recreation. Though cuffed as  
a boy, reprimanded for warbling in  
slack business hours and soundly ex-  
ecrated by the neighbors, I nevertheless  
persevered."

"A year ago last summer I came in  
for a sum of money, which rendered  
me a practically wealthy and independ-  
ent man, and to celebrate my good for-  
tune I threw up my business berth and  
went into Yorkshire to spend a few  
weeks with a professional bachelor  
friend and to idle generally."

"While there I was introduced to a  
Colonel Alton and his daughter Evelyn,  
aged 22, who lived at 'The Chase,' and  
were intimate friends of my chum.  
Nice girl she was; plenty of 'go' with-  
out being the least 'fast.' In less than  
a fortnight I was over head and ears in  
love with her. The subsequent after-  
noons at 'The Chase' were too hot for  
tennis. Colonel Alton spent time snooz-  
ing in his study; Evelyn's elderly com-  
panion and her father's housekeeper—  
for Mrs. Alton had been dead some  
years—nodded in the shade of her fa-  
vorite elm, and my friend had invariably  
to leave for an important case be-  
fore the tea came out. Very nice of  
him, I thought."

"Thus thrown together, Evelyn and I  
monopolized the arbor, and I used to  
amuse her by trilling selections from  
the operas, latest airs (comic and seri-  
ous), and she would occasionally join  
in as a kind of fillip to my perfor-  
mances. Though a woman in every re-  
spect, she could whistle. In most of the  
well-known tunes up to date or pathet-  
ically aged, she excelled, owing to the  
fact that during the winter months for  
some years past she had always occu-  
sioned at the piano for the village pop-  
ular concerts, when the vocal and in-  
strumental items were naturally of an  
amusing and light order—at times  
scarcely high class, perhaps."

"Then came the time when the colo-  
nel had to be approached. The old man  
gave me a prompt and curt refusal.  
He had other views for his child. I  
tried remonstrance, then dogged per-  
sistency, but with no avail. Evelyn  
stood out like a brick. This burst of in-  
dependence resulted in her immediate  
banishment to regions unknown to me,  
under the surveillance of a relative of  
mature age and experience, and all  
communication between us strenuously  
denied and forestalled. All chances  
of elopement, even, were reduced to  
nil."

"A few days later I left my friend's  
for Bournemouth, there to recruit my  
shattered health and hopes, and think  
things over quietly. As I alighted from  
my cab at the entrance to the North  
Cliff, where I had taken rooms, an el-  
derly lady came down the steps. Her  
face seemed somewhat familiar to me,  
though I could not at the time recall to  
mind when and where I had seen it be-

fore. When she started as she saw me,  
and somewhat hurriedly re-entered the  
hotel, I was further mystified. A  
thought struck me as I was signing  
my name in the hotel register of visi-  
tors some time later. Two pages back  
I found an entry: Miss Alton and Miss  
E. Alton. I tumbled to it in a second,  
then. The elderly lady I had encoun-  
tered was, undoubtedly, Colonel Al-  
ton's sister, who had been staying at  
the Chase and left two days after my  
arrival in the village, and before I  
knew anything of Evelyn I had once  
passed her walking with the Colonel,  
and she must have recognized me  
again."

"I remarked on the entry to the clerk  
in a casual way, and he volunteered  
the information that Miss Alton had  
but a few moments previously given  
notice of her intention to vacate their  
apartments the next morning. The  
news staggered me. Then Miss Alton  
did know all and had decided on flight  
as the only safe remedy under the cir-  
cumstances."

"Not a glimpse could I catch of Evely-  
n. After dinner from a search on the  
pier I returned to the North Cliff and  
sat disconsolately smoking out on the  
balcony of my room in the growing  
dusk. Almost unconsciously I lapsed  
into melody and appropriately began  
to warble softly, 'Alice, Where Art  
Thou?' A slight movement on the bal-  
cony above mine and one window to  
the left caused me to glance up. A fig-  
ure in white met my gaze, with one of  
its hands, as if demanding silence,  
pointing warningly to the window be-  
hind her. Yes, it was Evelyn, but her  
attendant dragon of an aunt was evi-  
dently close at hand. Verbal communi-  
cation, as well as writing, was out of  
the question. It was already too dark  
for the deaf and dumb manipulation,  
even provided she knew its working.

An idea suddenly flashed upon me.

Why not try? No sooner thought than  
done. Softly I whistled the last lines  
of 'Whisper and I Shall Hear,' refrain.

A slight shake of the head and then a  
rendering of 'Good-by, Sweetheart,  
Good-by,' floated down. Then they  
were really going away.

"Evelyn, I don't think it's quite  
proper for you to be standing there,"  
came a voice from within, and which,  
by straining my ears, I could just over-  
hear. My heart beat wildly and the  
girl turned to address her aunt with-  
out leaving the balcony.

"It's almost dark now and I can't  
stay cooped up all the evening—our last  
one, too! What does papa want us  
back in such a hurry?"

"Because he wishes it, my dear;  
that's all the reason I can give you. You  
really must help me to finish the pack-  
ing in a few minutes."

"Then her aunt had revealed nothing  
and believed her yet to be in ignorance  
of my presence at the hotel. Luckily,  
but the case was a desperate one.  
Evelyn returned to her former position  
and leaned over again."

"Where Are You Going To, My Pret-  
ty Maid?" I began. There was a mo-  
mentary pause and then the answer  
came in a line of 'Home, Sweet Home,'  
from my darling's lips.

"I do wish you would drop that vul-  
gar habit of whistling," again came the  
voice inside the window.

"But, auntie, there's no piano to sing  
to," was the somewhat lame excuse. "I  
must do something, and I can't possi-  
bly shock anyone up here."

"Then there was silence once more."

"Back to Yorkshire again. No chance  
there. Anyhow, she still cared for me,  
and I must put her affections to a se-  
vere test. It was our only chance of se-  
curing happiness."

"Oh, Nannie, Wilt Thou Gang Wit  
Me?" I piped.

"Where Are You Going To?" was  
again utilized in reply.

"I was stumped for a minute, but a  
bar or two of 'Big Ben,' a favorite song  
of mine, came as a hazardous rescue.  
She understood, bless her! but a lengthy  
pause intervened before her answer.  
Then, 'No, sir; no, sir; no, sir; no,' was  
repeated four times in succession. She  
refused, then! Why so emphatically?  
What a silly idiot I was! The fourth  
time the girl in the song said 'No,' she  
meant 'Yes.' I breathed again."

"But about our departure. The morn-  
ing York train via Bath left at 9:45. The  
earliest Waterloo was 7:45, and we  
should be easily tracked and our inten-  
tions frustrated in consequence, if we  
left it until then. I consulted my  
watch. It was 9:15. The night train  
up left at 10:20. 'Oh, Why Should We  
Wait Till To-morrow?' went up with-  
out delay. 'All's Well' from above soon  
settled that question satisfactorily, but  
was followed immediately by a few  
bars of 'Bradshaw's Guide' ditty. I  
knew what she wanted, so, after a  
slight hesitation, I warbled 'Come Into  
the Garden, Maud,' and chirped ten  
times. 'Hope on, dear loved one, we  
shall meet again,' from 'Dream Faces,'  
proved that I was clearly understood,  
and then she turned to address Miss  
Alton in louder tones than before."

"I declare you're nearly asleep, aunt-  
ie. I'm tired, and have a headache, too.  
We've a long journey before us, so I  
think I'll go to my room now. Don't  
disturb, there's a dear; the packing  
won't take long in the morning. You'd  
better do the same."

"The proposal evidently suited Miss  
Alton down to the ground, for she left  
her chair inside, and came a little way  
out on the balcony."

"A good idea, Evy; so we will," she  
answered.

"I crept back, and a minute or two  
later 'Good-nights' were exchanged,  
and the subsequent slam of a door no-  
tified me that Evelyn had left for her  
apartment."

"By 9:45 I had settled up, and left in-  
structions that my heavy baggage, for-  
tunately not unpacked, would be called  
or sent for in the course of a week, or  
less, dangling an old telegram form in  
my hand as I did so, to give color to  
my hasty departure. At 10 prompt I

picked up Evelyn under the pines in  
the hotel gardens, and, with a dressing  
bag and a small Gladstone between us,  
walked into the station, and eventually  
reached London safely, early in the  
morning. I put her in one hotel, where  
I knew she would be safe, with strict  
injunctions not to venture out until I  
had fixed everything up for the cere-  
mony, and went myself to another. The  
long and short of it was, that long be-  
fore we were anything like tracked, the  
deed had been done by special license,  
and the colonel defeated for once in his  
life."

"Come round, did he? Yes, when he  
afterward discovered that the man he  
intended for his daughter had already  
been engaged for two years, and got  
married shortly after we did. Even I  
could have told the old fellow that had  
he been more communicative and ex-  
plained in the first instance, for my rival  
turned out to be no other than the  
friend I was visiting. He actually ad-  
mits now that he couldn't have wished  
her a better match, but, anyhow, he

—"

And Birdy broke off into "Can't  
Change It."

"Listen," he said, "if you can't quite  
swallow the yarn you will not fail to  
take this in."

"Then he went through 'Oh, Come,  
My Lady Fair,' from the 'Gaiety Girl'  
song. Scarcely had he concluded than  
away from another quarter of the house  
came an answering chorus of 'I'm  
Coming,' from the negro melody, 'Poor  
Old Joe.' Half a minute later in strol-  
led Mrs. Jackson and Hartley's wife.

Birdy winked knowingly at us.

"I've just been telling them how you  
were practically wooed and won by  
whistling, my dear," he remarked to  
his wife, "and they want another tune  
before we turn in."

Evelyn blushed. "No, Sir," etc., she  
warbled three times.

Then Jackson took up his candle and  
marched up stairs with the strains of  
the national anthem on his lips.—Lon-  
don Tid-Bits.

TO CONQUER AN ISLAND.

The Unique Mission of a Company  
Formed in California.

A number of Los Angeles men have  
received a concession from the Mexican  
Government of the Island of Tiburon,  
in the Gulf of California. A company  
of 300 men is being organized, under the  
command of I. H. Polk. Each man is  
to receive \$250 and 100 acres of land,  
after the island is conquered. The  
money for the expedition is being put  
up by Col. Bradbury, who inherited a  
million or so a few years ago. There  
are only about 100 male Indians on the  
island, but they are said to be such  
valiant fighters that the Mexican Gov-  
ernment despaired of subduing them,  
and has offered the island to Bradbury  
and his companions if they would un-  
dertake the work. It is the intention  
of the Tiburon Conquest Company, as  
the new corporation is called, to estab-  
lish a republic of its own, and have the  
United States establish a protectorate.  
It is stated that Mexico has consented  
to this. One of the objects of the com-  
pany is to establish a great resort, and  
lines of steamers will be put on from  
both Yuma and Guaymas.—Los An-  
geles, Cal., Times.

Czarina and Her Doctor.

Twenty thousand dollars is the fee  
just paid at St. Petersburg to Prof. Ott,  
the German physician who had charge  
of the accouchement of the Czarina.

This may seem big remuneration, but  
it must be borne in mind that the re-  
sponsibility of the physician is some-  
thing enormous. He is held account-  
able to such a degree in the event of  
anything going wrong that the only  
thing left for him to do is to commit  
suicide. That was the course adopted  
by Sir Richard Croft, the accoucheur  
of Princess Charlotte, of Great Brit-  
ain, whose death in childbirth through  
his alleged mismanagement placed  
Queen Victoria on the throne. And it  
is to the German accoucheurs who at-  
tended the first confinement of the Em-  
press Frederick of Germany that Em-  
peror William is indebted for his with-  
ered left arm. This was why Emperor  
Frederick and his wife always insisted  
on the presence of English accoucheurs  
at the birth of their subsequent children.

Dr. Playfair, Lord Playfair's brother,  
has brought a large number of royal  
children into the world. It was for  
him that Punch suggested the name of  
Lord Deliverus, and he figures on the  
list of members of the Queen's house-  
hold as physician-accoucheur to her  
Majesty. That is no bed of roses. In  
the first place, the royal house of En-  
gland is so prolific of daughters and  
grand-daughters of the Queen, and sec-  
ondly, the office is of such responsibility  
that the presence of a cabinet min-  
ister at the birth is required by statu-  
te. Dr. Playfair, by the by, received  
on the occasion of each of his visits to  
Bucharest to attend the confinement of  
the Crown Princess fees of \$12,000, be-  
sides his expenses, jeweled snuffboxes  
and decorations.

Bee-Hives for Farmers.

Most farmers would have better suc-  
cess with bees if they used only the  
old straw or box hives. Bee-keeping  
with the movable-frame hives is an art  
which few care to learn; the straw hive  
is a simple tool which any one can use.  
Before the bee-moth became prevalent,  
nearly every farmer kept bees in this  
simple way. The introduction of the  
Italian bee has done away with this  
trouble. With the old-fashioned hives,  
women and children can do most of the  
work, and bee-keeping, like poultry-  
raising, can be their special province  
and profit. Aside from learning to hive  
new swarms, little knowledge is need-  
ed.—Country Gentleman.

Alice (the friend)—I don't see how  
any one can help loving Blanche. Ger-  
trude (the rival)—She can't help it her-  
self.—Life.

## LET US ALL LAUGH.

### JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the  
World Over—Sayings that Are  
Cheerful to the Old or Young—Fun-  
ny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

True Altruism.

"I suppose you are a socialist, or an  
anarchist, or something?" asked the  
lady of vague ideas.

"Madam," replied Mr. Brokedown  
Baldwin, "I am a passive altruist."

"What in the name of common sense  
is that?"

"I believe in being helped all I can."  
—Indianapolis Journal.

Mince Pies.

Cumso—As a general thing everybody  
is liberal at Christmas time.

Cawker—That is true. Nobody  
minces matters but the pie-builders.  
—Judge.

Just Like His Brow.

"Slickley's clothes always seem to fit  
his form so faultlessly."

"It's easy to see why."

"How so?"

"There's nothing in his pockets to  
make them bulge out."

Good Prison Folk.

Mrs. A.—Is it true that your son holds  
the appointment of warden in a jail?

Mrs. B.—Yes, but only criminals of  
good family are imprisoned there.—  
Der Floh.

Undisguised.

Crimsonbeak—Are you going to the  
masquerade?

Yeast—Yes; I expect to.

"How are you going?"

"Going broke."

"That'll be no disguise."—Yonkers  
Statesman.

Not Enough for the Money.

M. D.—So Dr. Nuentoter charged you  
100 marks for taking off your right  
arm?

Patient—Certainly.

M. D.—Um—for that money I should  
have amputated both your arms and  
legs.—Lustige Blaetter.

Given a Bad Character.

"Tore up your references? Why, you  
must have been crazy."

"Shure and you wouldn't have  
thought so if you had seen the refer-  
ences."—Life.

A Wise Cook.

New Chambermaid—Are there really  
so many mice in this house?

Cook—Of course not. I was deter-  
mined, however, that the mistress  
should get a cat. You see, I've a young  
man who calls on me pretty often and  
we must be able to account in some  
way for the food I give him.—Fliegende  
Blaetter.

Her Attention Was Elsewhere.

"I saw you at the theater last night."

"Did you?" she responded.

"Yes. How did you like the play?"

"The play? Why—er—really, you  
know, I was there with a box party."  
—Washington Star.

As Elsewhere.

Londoner—Dear me! Is there any-  
thing cheap in New York?

Gothamite—Oh, yes; advice.—Ex-  
change.

Excellence in Riding.

Gentleman (to rider who has been  
thrown from his horse)—My dear sir,  
how is it possible that you have not  
hurt yourself?

Rider—Practice makes perfect.—  
Fliegende Blaetter.

Their Criticism.

Sykes—Say, Bill, dat Charlotte Cor-  
deen is a great play. A young gal rush-  
es in an' stabs de villain in a bath tub.

Bill—Well, dat's wot he got for bath-  
in'.

Fibs for All.

Mistress—Do you ever tell—ah—fibs?

Prospective Housemaid—For myself  
or for the mistress?—Cincinnati En-  
quirer.

The Kiss Fitted.

Cook (to mistress)—Now I'm leavin'  
of yer, I may as well tell yer as the key  
of the kitchen door fits your storeroom.  
—Tid-Bits.

## Will Be a Soldier.

Uncle Bob—What are you going to be  
when you become a man, Tommy?  
Tommy—I'm going to be a soldier,  
'cos then I can fight all I want to with-  
out being spanked for it.—Harper's Baz-  
zar.

## Never Touched Him.

"It is claimed by the complainant  
that you assaulted him," said the  
Judge.

"He lies, your Honor. I never touch-  
ed him. Parker and Willoughby pick-  
ed him up and carried him to the pump.  
All I did was to work the pump-hand-  
le."—Harper's Bazar.

## Rivals.

The sidewalks were slippery and he  
was picking his way along toward his  
home, when a man bumped against  
him. The offender was profuse in his  
apologies as he struggled to regain his  
foothold.

"It was purely accidental, I assure  
you, sir," said he. "Certainly, certainly,"  
replied the Buena Park man, "and  
harm done," and they separated.

A moment later he felt for his watch.  
It was gone. Then he felt for his gun;  
it was safe, and its size and weight  
gave him courage. He turned and  
started on the run in the direction the  
man had taken. And before he had gone  
a block overtook him. He grabbed him  
by the collar with his left hand, and  
striking the pistol in his face, com-  
manded him to give up that watch.

"All right, all right; don't shoot," said  
the trembling man, as he handed out  
a watch, and breaking away, ran down  
the street as fast as his legs would  
carry him.

"I'll teach you footpads a thing or  
two," shouted the Buena Park man,  
but there was no response, and putting  
the watch in his pocket started toward  
home. At each step he grew more and  
more indignant at the state of society  
that permitted such criminals as pick-  
pockets and footpads, and when he  
reached home he was very angry.

"What makes you look so ferocious?"  
were his wife's first words.

"Been held up; fellow took my watch,  
but I got it back again," he said.

"What are you talking about? You  
left your watch at home this morning,"  
said she, as she took from his pocket  
the watch that belonged to the other  
man.

The Buena Park man is still adver-  
tising for the owner of that watch.—  
Chicago Times-Herald.

## He Found His Ideal.

A remarkable story is connected with  
the marriage of Mrs. A. C. Acken, of  
St. Augustine, and W. S. M. Sorrell, of  
Golden, Col., which took place at the  
home of the bride Tuesday afternoon.  
The groom is 78 and the bride 74 years  
old. Fifty years ago Sorrell saw a  
portrait of the lady, and vowed he  
would never marry until he found the  
original. Years passed without Sor-  
rell discovering his love, but he remained  
true to his likeness and never mar-  
ried. Three years ago Sorrell, who had  
acquired wealth at Golden, Col., learned  
by accident that the original of the  
photograph was Mrs. Acken, and that  
she was living in St. Augustine, and  
found the lady had a husband. He re-  
turned to his Colorado home. Two  
years ago Mrs. Acken's husband myster-  
iously disappeared, and has not been  
heard of since. When Sorrell learned  
of Acken's disappearance he returned  
to St. Augustine and induced Mrs. Acken  
to obtain a divorce on the ground of  
abandonment. The final decree was  
entered in her favor Saturday, and  
Tuesday she gave herself to the man  
who has loved her likeness for fifty  
years. Mrs. Acken's wedding dress  
was a fine simile of the one she wore  
when sitting for the photograph that  
charmed Sorrell.—Louisville Courier-  
Journal.

## The Witness Remembered.

Joseph H. Choate is an expert in han-  
dling two-edged sword repartee. His  
skill is such that he seldom meets one  
who is able to hold his own with him.

He met his match not long ago while  
trying a case before the Surrogate. An  
old woman was being questioned by  
him about how the testator had looked  
when he made a remark to her about  
some relatives.

"Now, how can I remember. He's  
been dead two years," she replied,  
testily.

"Is your memory so poor that you  
can't remember two years back?" con-  
tinued Choate.

The old woman was silent, and Choate  
asked: "Did he look, when he spoke,  
anything like me?"

"Seems to me he did have the same  
sort of a vacant look," snapped the  
witness, with fire in her eyes.

The court room was convulsed